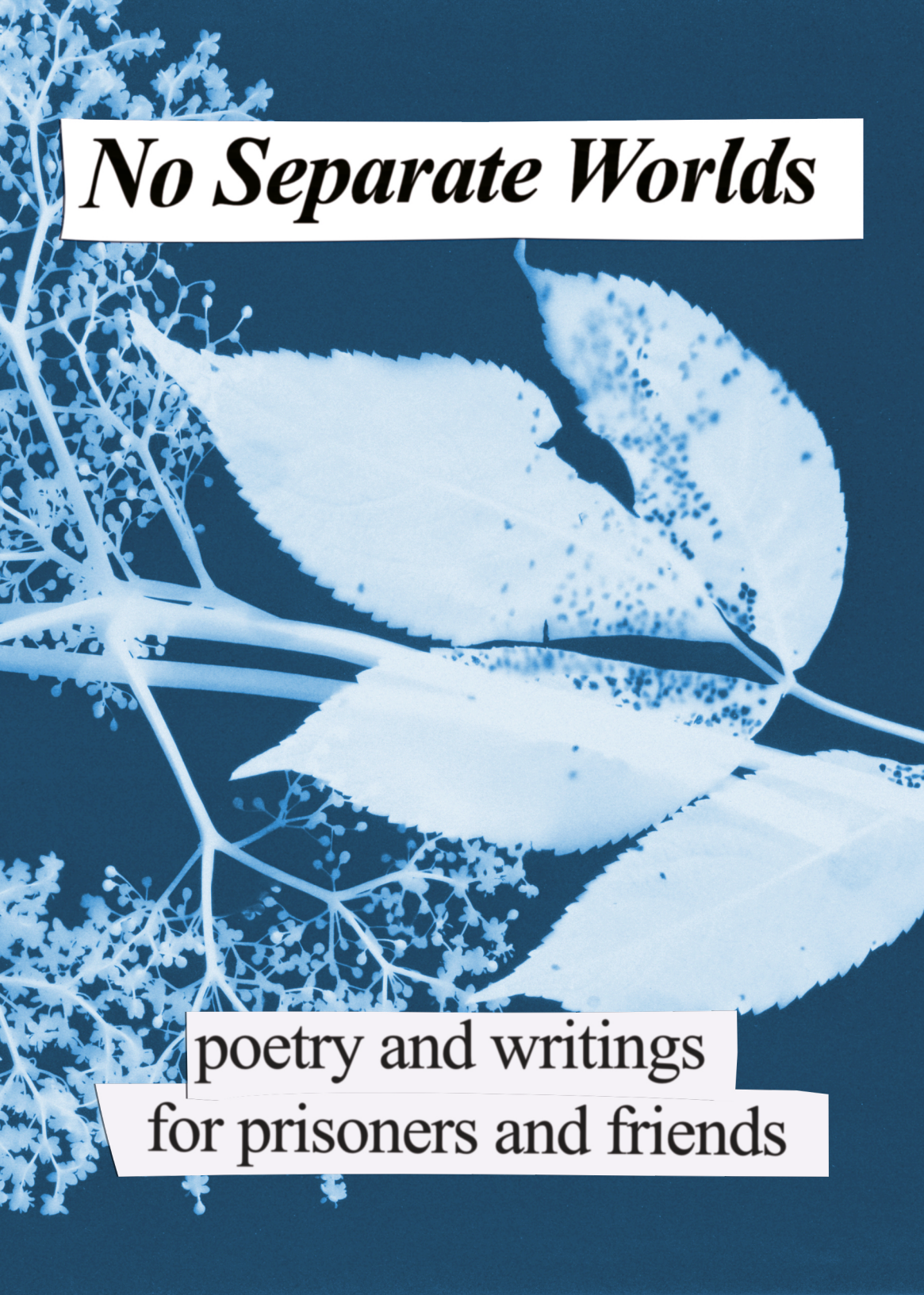


No Separate Worlds

poetry and writings
for prisoners and friends

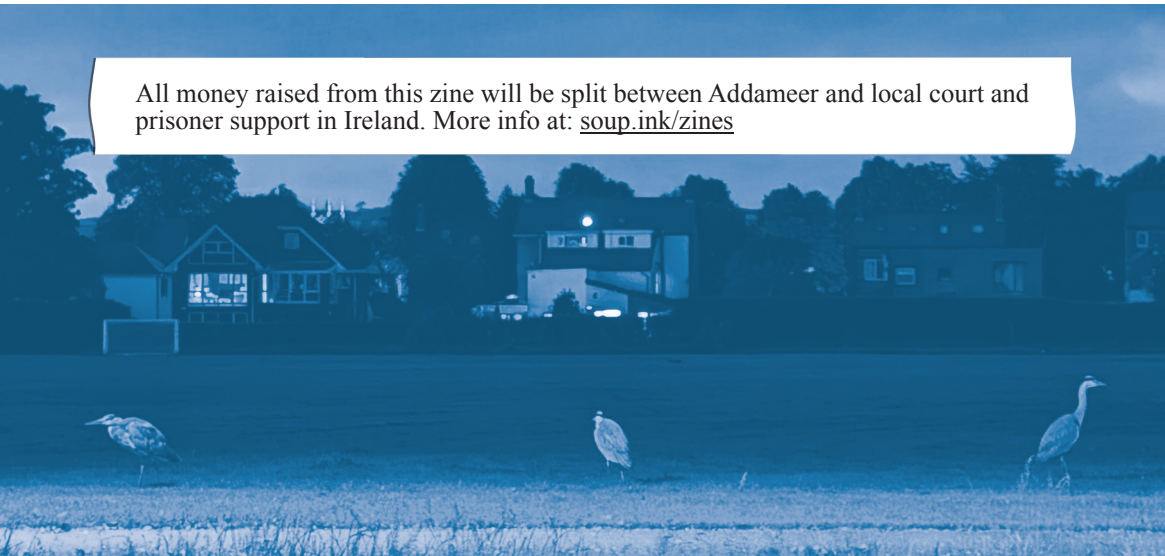
10th june 2024 –

we gathered to mark June 11 – a day of solidarity with Marius Mason and all long-term anarchist prisoners.

we read poems from those inside and heard updates from prisoners and their campaigns around the world (you can read these yourself at: soup.ink/zines).

to create this zine, we borrowed words, phrases, and ideas from the poems and writings of those inside. in small groups, we worked together to build new poems from the pieces given to us by our comrades inside the prison walls. *"The positive project is not separate from that of destruction."*

finally, we took a section from each group to create one last poem shared by all who attended and all who have gone before us in writing against the cages.



All money raised from this zine will be split between Addameer and local court and prisoner support in Ireland. More info at: soup.ink/zines

Their legacy has become structural violence.
Their legacy has become prisons.
Their legacy has become class war.
Their legacy has become partying with capitalist killers.

Is it possible for prison walls to disappear?

Our legacy will be civil disobedience.
Our legacy will be to destabilise.
Our legacy will be collective liberation.
Our legacy will be to blossom.

The silence is over.
The legacy starts now.
Blossom.

Bethany Millican
@bethanysmillican

Is it possible for prison walls to disappear?
Disobedience
Encourages blossoms
Silence
Encourages constraints

Ruairí McCann
@langsmonkey

Isolation, restrictions and stringent constraints
Encourage to blossom legacy, civil disobedience, and collective liberation,
Which destabilise structural violence and complicit silence.
Is it possible for prison walls to disappear?
Prisons, crime and class war,
No partying with capitalist killers,
Too many years gone by,
Why does "never again" only apply to certain people?

Moss
@mossy_mush_room

FREE WORLD?
HUSHED POLITICAL
HUSHED PERSONAL
EMPTY LETTERS

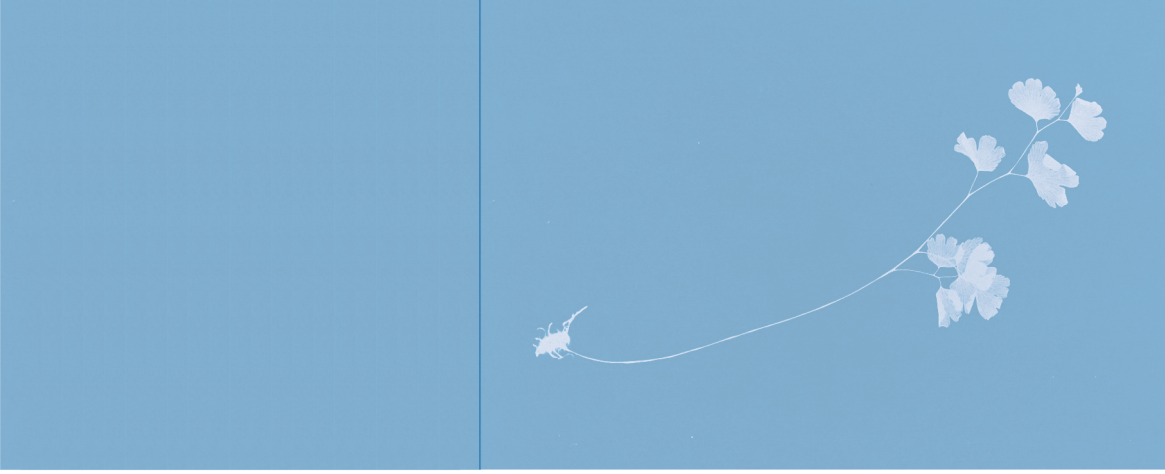
HUSHED SCREAMING
REVERBERATES

FREE WORLD?
EMPTY WINDS WEEP
CARRYING ACHING BREATH

Conor Kin,
Niamh Ní Mhuirí (@__neeev),
Louise Nic Fherléinn

To Ride a horse
Inside a prison cell
And run away
–
I am all of them
they are all to me,
I am me,
they are thee,
and I have no children
to float in the space between.

Anonymous



Freedom blossoms
Our collective struggles bloom
like daisies in a chain,
breaking free in solidarity

Liberation is a flower that blooms
from blood soaked soil
Roots intertwine in our collective humanity,
What grows towards hope,
it grows without light.

Weaving the ? war/way/wall ? to the world
without prejudice or borders
Breaking through walls,
it cannot be stopped.

Keri Matheson,
Claire McCullough,
Cat McQuade,
Sylie Ombati,
Farheen Rahmani.

ALL I WANT IS A CHANCE TO BE FREE.
I BANISH THESE WALLS, I BREAK THESE LOCKS
Doesn't matter I was trying to hide demons

It is possible for prison walls
To disappear
For the cell to become a distant land
Without frontiers

And this freedom!
From the chain you tied me with last night.

Colonisers write about flowers.
I tell you about children throwing rocks at Israeli tanks
seconds before becoming daisies

FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE, YOU WILL WRESTLE WITH THE THOUGHT OF WHAT YOU WILL SACRIFICE FOR THE LIBERATION OF OTHERS

We shall remain a wall upon your chest
Or is it that you bear the cries of people born unfree,
who like your way have no control or sovereign destiny?

the authors in the room that night.

Fragments #1

Prisons, crime and class war

Complicit

Silence.

Too many years gone by

Destabilise

Legacy

Structural Violence

Collective Liberation

Encourage to blossom

Why does "never again" only apply to certain people?

Civil disobedience

No partying with capitalist killers

Stringent constraints

Is it possible for prison walls to disappear?

Restrictions

Isolation

Fragments #2

Reverberate *

Free world?
Carrying
Aching
Door
Here
Letters
Empty
Barefooted
Ran
Screaming

Stream
Possible
Frontiers
Suddenly
Music

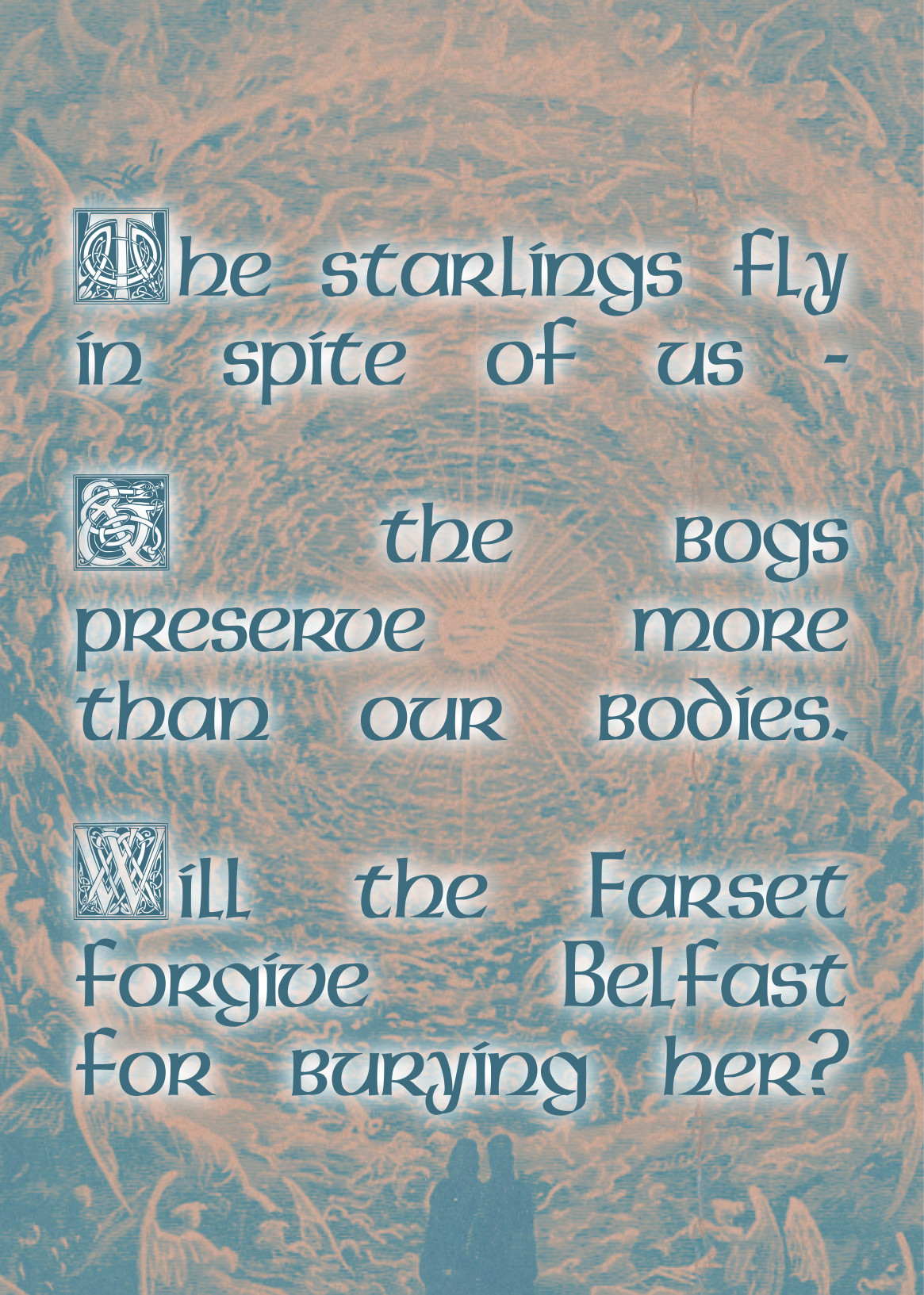
Free world?
Hushed political
Hushed personal
Empty letters
Hushed screaming
Reverberates.

Free world?
Empty winds weep
Carrying ~~hushed screaming~~
aching breath.

The starlings fly
in spite of us -

the bogs
preserve more
than our bodies.

Will the Farset
forgive Belfast
for burying her?



16th september 2024 –

listening to one another, responding in kind. building poems from our neighbour's words.

the world is being killed by capitalism. they are committing genocide in Palestine. there are no eyes to see for Congo and Sudan. the empires never really went away. Rojava hangs in the balance. weapons are being built in our city. they *let* the fascists enact a pogrom. landlords keep increasing the rent. an earl owns our lough. our children go hungry while their classrooms crumble. another woman was killed this week. there's no money for nurses but the police will get a raise without a second thought. they want to kill trans people.

light in the cracks. organising to survive: forget the politicians, talk to your neighbours. log off and show up to a community meeting. no one else is coming to save us. don't condemn resistance, join in. we will save ourselves.

"Aaron Will Live Forever"

Lupe – for Aaron Bushnell

Aaron will live forever. I know this, because everyone who was loved by Aaron will carry a bit of him in their soul, and everyone who witnessed his sacrifice will carry him in their minds. Aaron cherished life. He knew that in giving up his own, he could give the people of Palestine a chance to keep theirs. Aaron has permanently changed the fabric of your being. You know this because for the rest of your life, you will wrestle with the thought of what you will sacrifice for the liberation of others.

My friend said that everywhere Aaron went, he planted trees. I imagine these seeds planted in our hearts and minds. They will sprout, and they will grow into giant strong trees with deep roots built to weather the many battles that lie ahead on this burning planet. They will remain upright, like Aaron did, until they no longer can, but by then their own seeds will have been planted in the hearts of our loved ones, and they will grow into trees as well. They will continue this struggle until the beautiful world that Aaron knew we deserved is born.

"Is that you again? Didn't I kill you?
I said: You killed me ... and I forgot, like you, to die."
— *Mahmoud Darwish*

NOT ALONE - MY ~~WHOLE~~ FAMILY
GOT FLEAS AT THE KENNEDY CENTRE.
NOT ALONE - THERE ARE BUGS
AT YOUR FEET.

hope you guys enjoy your depop order
the whole house had fleas

Sinking

And rising. It's easy to
Forget things change.
That ain't it.

THE COLLECTIVE ENTOMBED IN THEIR
DREAM CAN DO NOTHING BUT WAKE UP

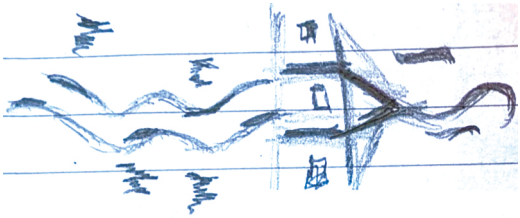
But does dreaming equate to nothing?
In waking do we forget a dream's hot sleepy head?

Red, like a tail
Like an eel and stretching

A net woven of your own hair
Grey, a dirty word

Holy place

LiSburn



IN LISBURN THEY FUCK ON MAIN STREET

LOCKED AT THE MOUTHS

O o o o o . O o

…it forms a pool of cold water…

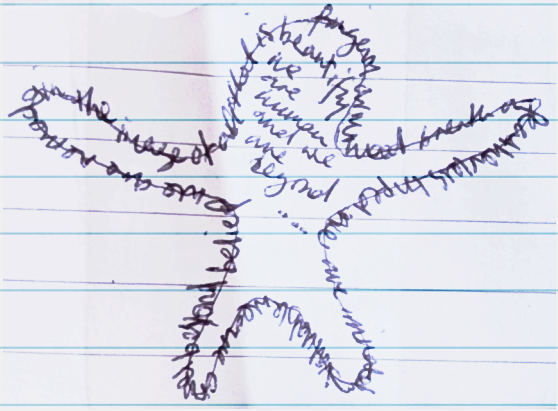
o O o . 0 . 0 O o

“rare blue”

“kestrels”

Does life really let us restart?

I walk at night and come across a house of fleas
The light welcomes me in but,
Goodness gracious! The building
Materials
They're held together by 60 second nails.



The far away tree rolled away
Rolled bark
Monster munch!
Thank youuuuu…(in the distance)

Day bar/club
Morning kebab
shop
Afternoon patis-
serie
Evening furniture
store

POINTING TRUE, NORTH, STRONG, AND FIERCE
FOREVER ACHING IN AROUSAL
FOR A TOUCH I FEEL BUT ONCE A MONTH
STRAINING AGAINST THE POLYCOTTON
DREAMING OF SILK AND THE TOUCH OF A MAN
NOT BEHOLDEN TO MY SELLING POTENTIAL

aerial imaging drones
purchased with tax-payer-graft
hover above - below - above
the kestrels. seeking.

Striking through the bag, who's in the intentional? Baby!!!

Bag Bak Bag Bak Bag Bak Bag Bak (it's us)

Bob Dylan looks on,
cigarette in hand, as that
Fucker Cash steals the show.

The weight of being queer and a writer
Who is allowed to be alive and exist in
An identity where those before me have died
To see - I can only hope I am enough

there are no separate worlds.

"Across borders, languages, contexts, and identities, both catastrophes and victories of spirit and defiance reverberate around the globe.

One environment is not untouched by another. The personal is not separate from the political.

The positive project is not separate from that of destruction. Prison is not separate from the "free world."

Means are not separate from ends.

Bridging these divides is a shared curiosity and commitment; bridging these divides is solidarity. This is not to flatten or oversimplify diversity and differences in circumstance, intensity, and consequence. Rather, that these different pieces are held together like organs of the body held by connective tissue.

So we consider: how do we strengthen this connective tissue? How do we remain strong, yet supple and flexible? Bridges, connection, must also be built through time, especially in a world that moves too fast, from one crisis to the next.

June 11th aspires to be one of these bridges: to build solidarity across borders, between movements, and among generations. Remembering and supporting long-term prisoners, as well as carrying on shared struggles, are two ways to strengthen this connective tissue. A stronger connective tissue will, in turn, bolster us against further repression"

– June 11 Call 2024